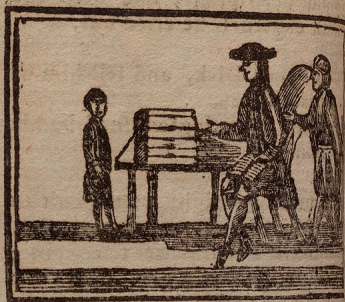


ed to excuse himself, saying the floor was just rubbed, and his shoes were dirty and full of hobnails. The merchant however made him come



in, and ordered a chair to be set for him. Dick, thinking they intended to make sport with him, begged his master not to mock a poor simple lad who intended them no harm and hoped they would let him go about his business. The merchant then took him by the hand, and

said, Mr. Whittington, I am in earnest; I sent to congratulate you on the surprising success of your cat; she hath produced you more riches than I am worth, and may you live long to enjoy them. Dick fancied himself in a dream, but when they opened the caskets, and shewed him the treasure, which they assured him was entirely his own property, he fell on his knees, and returned thanks to God for his great care of so insignificant a creature as he was, and then laid the whole treasure at his master's feet, begging him to accept it: this Mr. Fitzwarren refused, saying, he heartily rejoiced at his prosperity, and hoped it would be a comfort to him, and make him happy. Mr. Whittington then applied to his mistress, and his good friend Miss Alice, who likewise refused taking the smallest part of it. Mr. Whittington then rewarded the captain, factor, and all the ship's crew,